

FRONTLINE



NO. 4
MAY

COMBAT



200
275
CANADA

I'LL
BET THEY
NEVER
SUSPECTED
WE'D GET
A CANNON
UP HERE!

THEY
DIDN'T RECKON
ON OUR
RECOILLESS
CANNON!



KOREA... APRIL 22, 1951! THE CHINESE HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR LONG EXPECTED ATTACK ACROSS THE IMJIN RIVER! AN ENGLISHMAN... A ROSE IN HIS BELT AND SHRAPNEL IN HIS STOMACH... TWISTS AND SCREAMS IN THE DUST... SCREAMS FOR THE MAN ARMED WITH MORPHINE AND SULPHA POWDER... THE...

COMBAT MEDIC!



IT'S ONE OF THEM BRITISH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS!

HOLD HIM DOWN, HIGGINS! HE'S BEEN HIT IN THE STOMACH!



CAREFUL, CUTTING AWAY THAT BELT!

LOOK! SHRAPNEL WOUND! THE GUT'S STICKING OUT! PUSH IT BACK!



THAT SULPHA AND METHICILATE'LL HOLD IT! I'D BETTER GIVE HIM A GOOD SHOT OF MORPHINE!

LET'S SEE... SHRAPNEL WOUND IN STOMACH... SULPHA POWDER... METHICILATE... MORPHINE... GAUZE PAD...



HEY, YOU MEN! LOAD THAT SOLDIER ON THE
AMBULANCE DOUBLE TIME! WE JUST GOT ORDERS
TO BUG OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE DIVISION'S
PULLING OUT... **RIGHT NOW!**



GO AHEAD, CAPTAIN! AFTER
WE GET THIS ENGLISHMAN
PATCHED UP, WE'LL CATCH
UP WITH YOU IN THAT
AMBULANCE!

WHERE'S THAT
STRETCHER?
**HEY...
STRETCHER!**



STRETCHER!



HOLY COW! INDIAN STRETCHER
BEARERS! MUST BE THAT INDIAN
AMBULANCE UNIT! WHAT A WAR!



O.K.! TAKE HIM AWAY! AND
KEEP YOUR HEADS LOW!

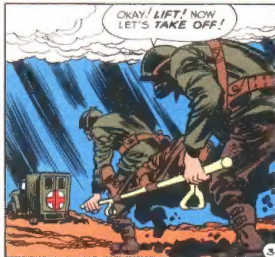


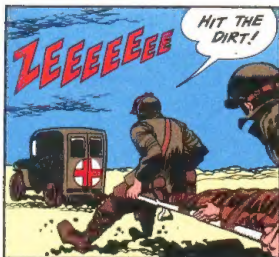
THE CHINESE'LL BE
HERE ANY SEC...



BRRRAP!







WITH THE **STRETCHER**? YOU CRAZY, DOC? THEM CHINESE ARE RIGHT BEHIND US! HOW WE GOING TO CATCH UP WITH THE BATTALION CARRYING THIS LIMEY?



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, HIGGENS? THIS MAN'S A **HUMAN BEING**! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE HERE FOR? WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIS LIFE!



WE'LL MAKE IT BACK! DON'T WORRY! COME ON! GRAB THE STRETCHER! LET'S GO!









JANEKAI JÖ-ÄHREN-KÄNG-ENSO
MOO-ÖT-SKI UMJIK-INUN SORIKUL
TUL-ÖTTAN-MÄHL-IRKA ÖTEN
SALPYÖ-POSEH.



NAH-NUN AHMO-SORA-DO MOT-
TUTKET-NUN-TÄEN? AHMAH
TARUN KÖT-AHNYKO
MOOL-J'WE-YÖTTUN
KEHJI.



JWAH-OOKANN SALPYÖ-
POSEH, AHMAH TARUN-
KÖT-ANHYKO JANEH
CHONGUL SON-KAT-KAMP-
KEN PATCHANK-TULKO
ITSURANUN KÖJI.



HSST, DOC! DOC! HAVE
THEY GONE YET, DOC?
THINK WE CAN GET
MOVING?

WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH CHOICE
NOW, HIGGENS!



KOREANS! THEY MUST BE NORTH
KOREANS! WE'RE PRISONERS!
I KNEW THIS'D HAPPEN!



WRONG, HIGGENS! THEY'RE 'ROK'S'!
SOUTH KOREANS! IT'S OUR
SIDE! WE MADE IT!



THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER ON THE IMJIN FRONT IS A VERY UNNATURAL SOUND INDEED! FEW MEN BOTHER TO SMILE, MUCH LESS LAUGH, IN COMBAT!

EVENING IS SETTLING ON THE IMJIN FRONT! THE FIFTEEN INCH LONG-TOMS ARE BOOMING OVER THE HILL! THE LAUGHTER HAS DIED DOWN TO QUIET SOBBING!

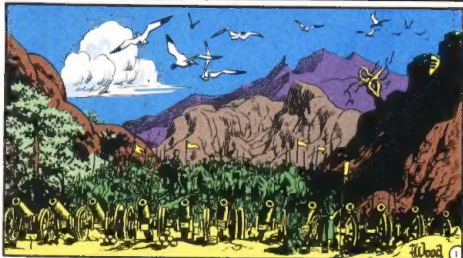
"Half a league, half a league... half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death... rode the six hundred..."

THIS IS THE **TRUE** STORY OF THE CHARGE OF THE

LIGHT BRIGADE!



HAVE YOU EVER
HEARD OF THE
CRIMEAN WAR?
THE CRIMEA IS
A SOUTHWESTERN
PIECE OF RUSSIA!
IN 1854, THE
ENGLISH WERE
IN THE CRIMEA
FIGHTING RUSSIA...
BECAUSE RUSSIA
WAS PUSHING
TURKEY AROUND!
NOW... THE MOR-
NING OF **OCT. 25...**
FOUND THE RUSSIAN
CANNON, TWELVE
STRONG, DRAWN
UP ACROSS THE
MOUTH OF A
VALLEY ABOVE
BALACLAVA, FAC-
ING THE BRITISH
CAVALRY!



Wood

1

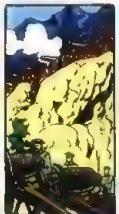
TO THE RIGHT OF THE
TWELVE CANNON WERE
MORE RUSSIAN GUNS.



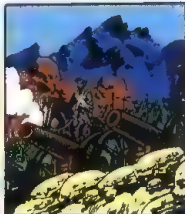
...HIGH UP, LINING
FEDUKHINE HEIGHTS...
AND WITH THEM ...



.. AN ARMY OF RUSSIAN
INFANTRYMEN LOOKING
DOWN ON THE VALLEY!



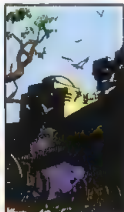
**THIS WAS THE
RUSSIAN RIGHT FLANK!**



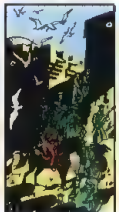
TO THE LEFT OF THE
TWELVE CANNON IN
THE VALLEY



... TOPPING VORONOSTOV
RIDGE WERE A STRING
OF REDOUBTS.



...FORTIFIED WITH NAVAL
GUN POSITIONS TAKEN
FROM THE BRITISH..



**...AND FORMING
A STRONG RUSSIAN LEFT FLANK!**



SO THEY
WERE
DEPLOYED
A HORSESHOE
OF RUSSIAN
GUNS' A
BEAR TRAP
OF RUSSIAN
GUNS AND
FAR DOWN
AT THE
OTHER END
OF THE
VALLEY,
OVERLOOKING
THE WHOLE
PANORAMA
FROM A
HIGH
ESCARPMENT,
WERE THE
BRITISH!





LOOK M'LORD!
ON VORONOSTOV
RIDGE!

THE BUGTHERS HAVE
OVERWHELMED THE
RIDGE



LOOK, LORD RAGLAN!
THEY'VE OVERWHELMED
THE FORTS!



YES, THE FORTS AND NOW
THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH OUR
NAVAL GUNS! WE'LL BE THE
LAUGHING STOCK OF EUROPE!



GENERAL AIREY I WANT YOU TO
SEND A MESSAGE TO LORD LUCAN
OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE! I WANT
TO RUN THOSE COSSACKS OFF
OF THAT RIDGE



CAPTAIN NOLAN TAKE
THIS DISPATCH TO LORD
LUCAN. TELL HIM HE IS
TO ATTACK AT ONCE!

YESSIR!



WHERE IS LORD LUCAN?
I HAVE A DISPATCH
FOR LORD LUCAN!

MESSAGE FROM
LORD RAGLAN
SIR

THANK YOU,
CAPTAIN
HMMM

LORD RAGLAN WISHES THE
CAVALRY TO ADVANCE RAPIDLY
TO THE FRONT FOLLOW THE
ENEMY AND TRY TO PREVENT
THEM CARRYING AWAY THE GUNS!
- IMMEDIATE -

I SAY!
WHAT KIND
OF A VAGUE
ORDER IS
THIS?

LORD RAGLAN'S
ORDERS ARE
THAT THE
CAVALRY
SHOULD
ATTACK!

ATTACK, SIR?
ATTACK WHAT?
WHAT GUNS,
SIR?

THERE, MY LORD, IS YOUR
ENEMY! THERE ARE
YOUR GUNS!

AND WITH THOSE
WORDS, THE
RASH
MESSENGER,
CAPTAIN NOLAN,
POINTED TO THE
DEADLY ROW
OF RUSSIAN
CANNON DRAWN
UP A MILE DOWN
THE VALLEY!
...INSTEAD OF
POINTING TO
THE VULNERABLE
RUSSIAN LEFT
FLANK, HE
POINTED RIGHT
INTO THE
MOUTH OF
THE RUSSIAN
BEAR TRAP!

AH, WHAT AN
ERROR THAT
WAS!

LORD LUKAN! WE CAN'T
TAKE THE BRIGADE IN
THERE! THE RUSSIAN'S
HAVE A BATTERY IN
FRONT OF US AND
BATTERIES ON EACH
FLANK!

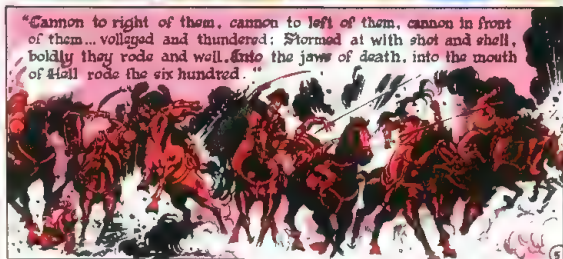
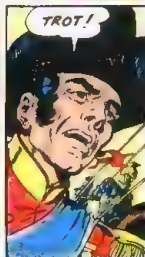
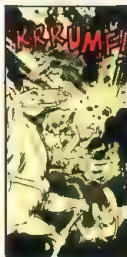
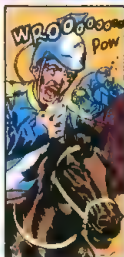
LORD CARDIGAN!
YOU WILL MARCH
THE BRIGADE ON
THE GUNS! WE
HAVE LORD
RAGLAN'S POSITIVE
ORDERS!

"Forward the light brigade!"... was there a man dismaged?

Not though the soldier knew **someone had blundered.**

Theirs not to make reply... theirs not to reason why... theirs but to
do and die. Into the valley of death rode the six hundred."









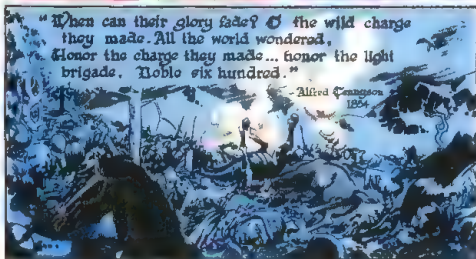
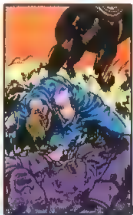
THE CHARGE
WAS OVER. THE
RUSSIAN GUNS
HAD FIRED A
FINAL POINT
BLANK TWELVE
GUN SALVO.
WHEN THE
SMOKE HAD
CLEARED THE
LIGHT BRIGADE
WAS NO MORE.
247 HUSSARS,
LANCERS AND
DRAGOONS LAY
DEAD OR
WOUNDED IN
THE VALLEY.
TO SAY NOTHING
OF 500
DEAD AND
WOUNDED
HORSES.

AND OF THE PITIFUL GROUP
THAT SURVIVED, SOME
CAME RIDING BACK.

.. SOME CAME WALKING BACK

AND SOME CRAWLED BACK

.. AND THERE WERE THOSE
WHO'D NEVER GO BACK.



"When can their glory fade? O the wild charge
they made. All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made... honor the light
brigade. Noble six hundred."

- Alfred Tennyson
1854

THAT IS...
HONOR THEM,
SHORT OF
THEIR
LEADERS!

- EDITORS
1951



THE WRECKERS

A bitter gale lashed the coast . . . the shrieking blasts rugging at the bayberry on the beach as old Eben plodded through the whipped-up sand from his little hut in the inlet

Eben pulled at the brim of his sou wester as he scanned the rapidly blackening skies above. He looked down at the whale-oil lantern clenched in his brine-bleached fist. He would have use for his faithful lantern *this* night!

Soon he was kicking up the sand along the narrow spit that jutted out into the Atlantic from the Burnegat beach. There, at the end of the land, stood his golden-crowned daughter . . . her long hair waving like the wings of the gulls that beat against the furious wind. Alicia was unmindful of her father's arrival. She just stared out at the tempestuous breakers which brought her a strange serenity.

Here it was the year 1777 . . . the Revolutionary War was being fought! Alicia was still living in the past . . . in 1776, when last she saw her seaman lover. They had stood together in the moonlight on this same spot that last evening. The next day he disappeared! An escaped American sailor, who had been impressed into the service of the British Navy, told Alicia that her lover had also been taken by force. Alicia had stood her vigil ever since . . . staring out to sea by the hour!

Now the night was black. Somewhere, not far from the shore, a vessel's lights flickered like wayward stars. Eben knew this was the long-awaited British ammunition ship that was bringing supplies to Sir William Howe's forces at Chesapeake Bay. Howe had already beaten Washington's troops at White Plains!

Old Eben lighted his whale-oil lantern, placed it on a long thin spar, and proceeded to walk along the spit with it. The astonished look-out aboard the British ship spotted the moving light. Thinking it to be another ship, the captain changed his course. Old Eben smiled ruthlessly as he lured the unwary vessel on to its destruction!

The fury of the storm mounted as the treacherous winds hastened the ill fated craft landwards. There arose a crashing crescendo above the storm as the vessel's bottom rasped onto the rocks. The eager, gurgling sea poured through the breached timbers, bloating the hold. The pressure of the confined water burst the timbers of the hull and sent them flying onto the beach. The remaining men and masts were sucked into the vortex of the churning surf!

The next dawn brought clear skies and a harnessed ocean. Eben and his daughter came out of their shack and went to gather what cargo had been washed up on the beach from the doomed vessel. As they picked their way over broken masts, split timbers, and shredded rigging, Alicia noticed a still form further down the beach. Running through the sand, she saw a body clad in torn bell-bottom trousers and striped shirt . . . a British sailor!

Alicia bent over the body and pulled on one of the inert shoulders. Failing to budge it, she dug her tiny hands into the sand near the dead mariner's half-buried face. She lifted the head a little, turned it gently . . . and released it quickly!

When her father found her lifeless form a few minutes later, it was sprawled over the body of her missing seafaring lover!

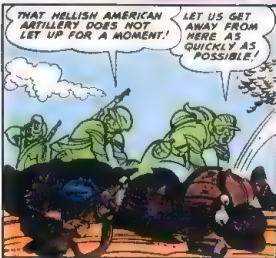
THE SCENE BELOW IS IN KOREA! THE MEN YOU SEE ARE PART OF THE REELING, BLEEDING CHINESE ARMY THAT IS SCRAMBLING BACK FROM ITS BIG SPRING OFFENSIVE! THE SPURTING DUST AT THEIR FEET IS BEING KICKED UP BY THE SPLINTERED STEEL OF AN...

AIR BURST!



THAT HELLISH AMERICAN
ARTILLERY DOES NOT
LET UP FOR A MOMENT!

LET US GET
AWAY FROM
HERE AS
QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE!

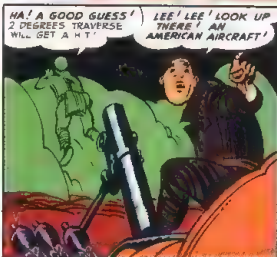
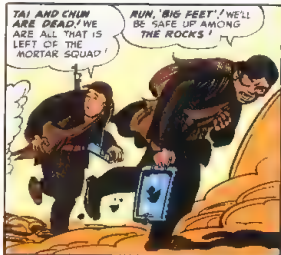


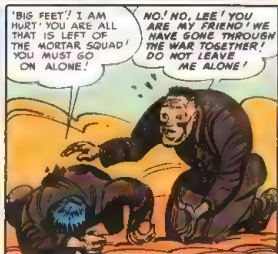
LEE! OUR
WHOLE MORTAR
SQUAD IS
DEAD!

THERE ARE STILL FOUR OF
US. COME BIG FEET, LIFT
THAT MORTAR BARREL
AND RUN!





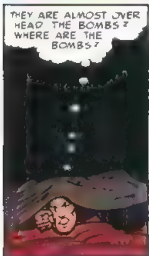




AIRPLANES!
MORE AIRPLANES!
OH! OH! OH!



THEY ARE ALMOST OVER
HEAD THE BOMBS?
WHERE ARE THE
BOMBS?



WHY DON'T THEY
DROP THE BOMBS?
WHY ARE THEY
WAITING



PAPER! THEY'RE DROPPING PAPER!
HA HA HA HA HA! PAPER!

I KNOW WHAT THESE ARE! THESE
ARE SURRENDER PAPERS! OUR
LEADERS WARNED US WE'D BE
SHOT IF WE KEPT THEM!



QUICKLY! QUICKLY! I
MUST HIDE US UNDER
THE CAMOUFLAGE CLOTH



WHY WHY

WHAT



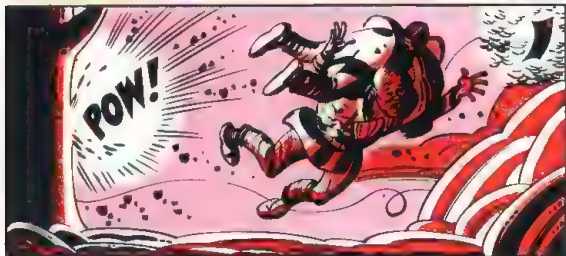
I WON'T LET ANYONE SEE! THERE'S TOO MUCH
THE PLANES! THERE ARE TOO MANY
PLANES! TOO MANY GUNS! TOO MUCH
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY LEFT TO GO!



I SHALL GO BACK TO THE AMERICAN LINES! I'LL TAKE MY FRIEND, LEE AND SURRENDER! IT IS TOO MUCH!

THE AMERICANS ARE AHEAD! I SAW THEM FROM THE SLOPE! I WILL WAVE THE PAPER! THEY WILL NOT SHOOT!

AMERICANS! I SURRENDER, AMERICANS! DO NOT SHOO...



THE MORTAR SQUAD IS NO MORE! LEE SPRAWLS ON THE PATH... TWICE KILLED, LONG DEAD!

POOR CLUMSY 'BIG FEET' LIES WITH HIS FACE IN THE BLOODY DIRT HIS BIG FOOT CAUGHT ON A WIRE!

THE WIRE TRAILS TO THE RING OF A PULL CORD DANGLING BENEATH THE REMAINS OF A HAND GRENADE!



NOVEMBER, 1944! YOU ARE NOW FLYING 3,000 FEET IN THE AIR WITH AN AMERICAN B-26! YOU ARE FLYING OVER A PHILLIPINE ISLAND DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR! YOU ARE FLYING TO DESTROY AN ENEMY POWER STATION! STEADY ON THAT COURSE, YOU ARE ON A ..

BOMB RUN!



MEET THE CREW! **THE PILOT!** THE SKIPPER 'A SEASONED VET' HOME TOWN TEXARKANA ARK.

RADIOMAN AND WAIST-GUNNER SGT JOHNNY BRESLIN OF TACOMA WASH.

NEXT TECH SGT ARTHUR FLEISCHER, **ENGINEER-GUNNER** LIMA OHIO!

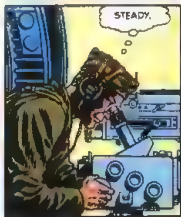
THEN IN THE TAIL, **GUNNER** JERRY DE FUCCIO PINT-SIZED PFC HAILING FROM YONKERS N.Y.



FINALLY, THE CO-PILOT AND BOMBARDIER,
1ST LIEUTENANT COLIN CAMPBELL, MAIL-
ING FROM BALTIMORE, MARYLAND!

THERE YOU HAVE THE LINE-UP! NOW
DOWN TO BUSINESS! LET'S CLOSE UPON
LT. CAMPBELL BENT OVER HIS BOMBSIGHT!

LISTEN! HE'S TRACKING THE TARGET
DOWN BELOW! CLOSE IN AND TAKE A
LOOK INTO THE BOMBSIGHT EYEPiece



THE BOMBS ARE GONE! YOU
SID OFF LEFT AND YOU
HIT THAT THROTTLE HARD



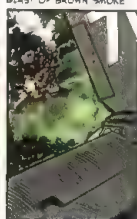
THE ONLY ONE WHO WATCHES
THE BOMBS FALL 5 TAIL-END
JERRY THERE GOES!!



A CLOUD MUSHROOMS OUT,
AND THEN 2 AND 3 WALKING
RIGHT UP TO THAT TARGET!



BOMB NUMBER 4 THE POWER
PLANT DISAPPEARS IN A
BLAST OF BROWN SMOKE



**YEEHA! BULL'S
EYE! DEAD
CENTER!**



BOY! THAT
WAS SIMPLE
HUH JOHNNY?

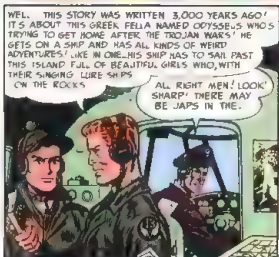
YEAH REAL
MILK RUN

HEY
ARTURO



YOU DROPPED YOUR BOOK
HEY 'THE ODYSSEY'
LIKE THE NAME OF OUR
SHIP WHAT'S T ABOUT
ARTURO?

THANKS!



WELL THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN 3,000 YEARS AGO!
IT'S ABOUT THIS GREEK FELLA NAMED ODYSSEUS WHO'S
TRYING TO GET HOME AFTER THE TROJAN WARS! HE
GETS ON A SHIP AND HAS ALL KINDS OF WEIRD
ADVENTURES! LIKE IN ONE HIS SHIP HAS TO SAIL PAST
THIS ISLAND FULL OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WHO, WITH
THEIR SINGING LURE SHIPS
ON THE ROCKS

ALL RIGHT MEN! LOOK!
SHARP! THERE MAY
BE JAPS IN THE.



BRA-A-AK

JAPANESE ZEROS! DARTING OUT OF A CLOUD, A BOEY JUMPS ON YOUR NOSE AND STITCHES YOU WITH HIS FIRST PASS!

NOW THE SECOND ZERO, THE WING-MAN, FIRES IN FOR HIS PASS! LET HIM COME...CLOSER...CLOSER...NOW...

KICK THAT LEFT RUDDER! DUCK THAT MURDEROUS STREAM OF FIRE! SHWEL THEM DECK-GUNS AND TAIL-GUNS!

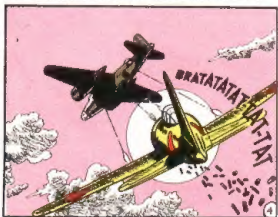
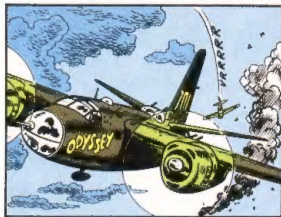


NOW LET HIM HAVE IT! RIGHT IN THE BELLY!



THE SKY IS FILLED WITH LITTLE BITS OF ZERO... BUT DON'T RELAX! THE OTHER ZERO HAS MADE HIS TURN AND IS NOW COMING UP BEHIND FOR HIS SECOND PASS!

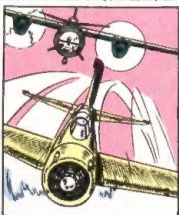
THE ZERO COMES AT YOU LIKE AN ANGRY HORNET! GET HIM WITH THE TAIL-GUNS! HIT HIM WITH WAIST-GUNS! THROW EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AT HIM!



7.7 MM BULLETS ARE BITING INTO THE WING... THE ENGINE COWLING... SPLATting INTO THE ARMOR PLATE!

HE'S CUTTING AWAY! NOW'S YOUR LAST CHANCE! IF YOU DON'T GET HIM WITH THAT NOSE GUN, YOU NEVER WILL!

POUR IT ON!



BLUE LEADER TO RED CROSS TOWER! DO YOU READ ME... DO YOU READ ME, RED CROSS TOWER? OVER!



RED CROSS TOWER TO BLUE LEADER! I READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR... OVER!



WHEN WE'VE GOT 'EM!

BLUE LEADER TO RED CROSS TOWER! REQUEST EMERGENCY LANDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONE B-26... OVER!

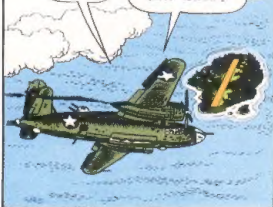


RED CROSS FIELD TO BLUE LEADER! YOU ARE FIFTEEN MINUTES NORTH-WEST OF FIELD... YOU ARE CLEAR FOR LANDING...



THERE SHE IS, MEN! WE'RE SAFE!

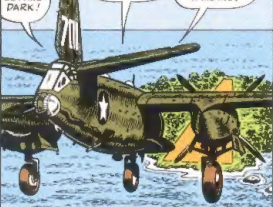
NOW WHO'D THINK THEY'D BOTHER TO PUT A LANDING STRIP ON THAT ITTY-BITTY ISLAND?



WE'RE LUCKY! IT'S GETTING DARK!

FUNNY! NOT A SIGN OF LIFE DOWN THERE!

HOLD ON, BOYS! WE'RE GOING IN FOR A LANDING!

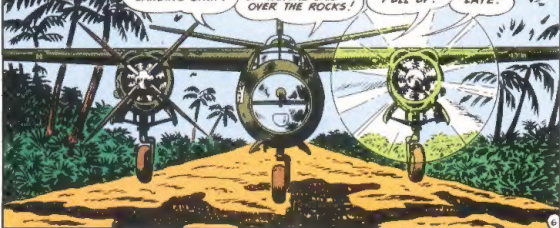


THAT'S NO LANDING STRIP!

IT'S JUST A STRIP OF CANVAS LAID OVER THE ROCKS!

PULL UP! PULL UP!

... TOO LATE!

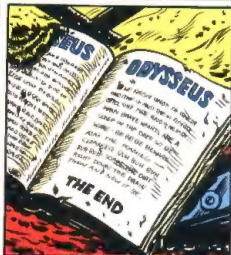


THEY SAY A MAN CAN
THINK IN A SPLIT SECOND
WHAT IT TAKES HIM A
MINUTE TO SAY!

THIS STRIP IS A JAP
TRICK! FUNNY...IT'S LIKE
THE BOOK... THE
ODYSSEY...

...THE SIREN'S CALLING TO
ODYSSEUS AND HIS
SAIORS... TRYING TO
LURE THEM AND THEIR
SHIP ONTO THE ROCKS
TO THEIR DEATHS...

... AND THE JAP RADIO
STATION SENDING OUT
FAKE RADIO MESSAGES,
LURING US TO THIS
ISLAND... TO OUR
DEATH...



WELL...

HOW DID YOU
ENJOY THIS
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